LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR 1785:

BY

PETER PINDAR Esq.

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A

DISTANT RELATION

OF THE

POET OF THEBES,

AND

LAUREAT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

——RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT?—— Horat.

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LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

[*The divine* PETER *giveth an account of a conference he held last year with* Satire, *who advised him to attack some of the R. A.'s, to tear Mr.* West's *works to pieces, abuse Mr.* Gainsborough, *fall foul of Mrs.* Cosway's *Sampson, and give a gentle stroke on the back of Mr.* Rigaud.—*The Poet's gentle answer to Satire—The Ode of Remonstrance that* Peter *received on account of his* LYRICS—*Satire's Reply—Peter's resolution.*]

"NOT, not this year the lyric Peter sings,—
" The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song to cease;
" I will not pluck a feather from your wings,—
" So, Sons of Canvas! take your naps in peace."

Such was my last year's gracious speech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers,
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich;
A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

" Not write!" cry'd Satire, red as fire with rage,
" This instant glorious war with Dulness wage;
" Take, take my supple-jack,
" Play St. Bartholomew with many a back!
" Flay half the Academic imps alive!
" Smoke, smoke the drones of that stupendous hive.

" Begin with George's idol, West;—
" And then proceed in order with the rest:
" This moment knock me down his Master Moses *,
" On Sinai's Mountain, where his nose is
" Cock'd up so pertly plump against the Lor d,
" Upon my word,
" With all that ease to Him who rules above,
" As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove*."

" Indeed," quoth I, " the piece hath points of merit,
" Though not possess'd throughout of equal spirit."

" What!" answer'd Satire, " not knock Moses down?
" O stupid Peter! what the devil mean ye?
" He looks a poor pert barber of the town,
" With paper sign-board out,—' Shave for a Penny.'

" Observe the piteous Israelite once more—
" Wears he the countenance that should *adore*?

* Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

"No! 'tis a ſon of lather,—a rank prig;
"Who 'ſtead of fetching the moſt ſacred Law,
"With *ſober* LOOKS, and *reverential* AWE,
"Seems pertly tripping up to fetch a WIG.

"With all her thunder bid the Muſe
"Fall furious on the groupe of Jews,
"Whoſe ſhoulders are adorn'd with *Chriſtian faces*;
"For by each phiz, (I ſpeak without a gibe)
"There's not an Iſraelite in all the tribe,—
"Not that they are encumber'd by the GRACES.

"Strike off the head of Jeremiah *,
"And break the bones of old Iſaiah †;
"Down with the duck-wing'd Angels ‡, that abreaſt
"Stretch from *a thing called cloud*, and by their looks,
"Wear more the viſage of young rooks
"Cawing for victuals from their neſt.

"Deal Gainſborough a laſh, for pride ſo ſtiff,
"Who robs us of ſuch pleaſure for a miff;
"Whoſe pencil, when he chuſes, can be chaſte,
"Give Nature's form, and pleaſe the eye of TASTE.

"Of cuts on Sampſon § don't be ſparing,
"Between two garden-rollers ſtaring,

* A Picture by Mr. Weſt. † Another Picture by Weſt.
‡ In the Apotheoſis, a Picture by Weſt
§ A Picture by Mrs. Coſway.

" Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play!
" To atoms tear that * Frenchman's traſh,
" Then bountifully deal the laſh
" On *ſuch* as *dar'd* to dub him an R. A."

Thus Satire to the gentle Poet cry'd—
And *thus*, with lamb-like ſweetneſs, I reply'd:—

" Dear Satire! pray conſult my life and eaſe;
" Were I to write whatever you deſire,
" The fat would all be fairly in the fire,—
" R. A.'s ſurround me like a ſwarm of bees,
" Or like a flock of ſmall birds round a fowl
" Of *ſolemn ſpeculation*, call'd an OWL."

Quoth I, " O Satire, I'm a ſimple youth,
" Muſt make my fortune, therefore not ſpeak truth,
" Altho' as ſterling as the holy bible,—
" *Truth* makes it (Mansfield ſays) the more a libel:
" I ſhall not ſleep in peace within my hutch;
" Like Doctor Johnſon †, I have wrote TOO MUCH."

* Rigaud.

† The ſtory goes that Sam, before his *political converſion*, replied to his preſent Majeſty, in the Library at Buckingham Houſe, on being aſked by the Monarch, 'Why he did not write more?'—" Pleaſe your Majeſty, I have " written *too much*." So candid a declaration, of which the ſturdy Moraliſt did not believe one ſyllable, procured him a penſion, and a muzzle.

When Mount Vesuvius* pour'd his flames,
And frighten'd all the Naples dames,
What did the Ladies of the city do?
Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
With good St. Januarius's head,
And shake it at the MOUNTAIN 'midst his riot,
To try to keep the *Bully* quiet:
The Parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped;
Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,
The bellowing Mountain was as mute 's a mouse.

Thus, should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree
To shake his lion mane-like wig at *me*,
And bid his grim-look'd Myrmidons assail:—
With heads Medusan, and with hearts of bone;
Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,
Might *turn* my limbs, *so gentle*, into *jail.*

Read, read this Ode, just come to hand,
Giving the Muse to understand
That cruely and scandal swell her song,
And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

* See Sir William Hamilton's account.

To PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A Thouſand frogs, upon a ſummer's day,
Were ſporting 'midſt the ſunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face; —
They ſhow'd their gold-lac'd cloaths with pride,
In harmleſs ſallies, frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a *grace*.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Obſervant of their harmleſs joys,
Thoughtleſs, reſolv'd to ſpoil their happy ſport;
One frenzy ſeiz'd both GREAT and SMALL,
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to *ſplaſh* them, not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly ſings, ' the ſtones 'gan pour,'
Indeed an Otaheite ſhow'r!
The conſequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
ONE's eye was beat out of his head;—
This limp'd away, that lay for dead,—
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongſt

Amongſt the *ſmitten*, it was found,
Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a ſigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:—
At length King CROAK got up, and thus begun—
" My lads, you think this very pretty FUN!

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—
" Have *warmly* complimented all our chops;—
" To *you* I gueſs that theſe are *pleaſant ſtones!*
" And ſo they might be to *us Frogs*,
" You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,
" But that they are ſo *hard*,—they break our bones."

PETER! thou mark'ſt the meaning of this fable—
So put thy Pegaſus into the ſtable;
Nor wanton thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmleſs people ride.

To drop the metaphor,—the Fair*,
Whoſe works thy Muſe forbore to ſpare,
Is bleſt with talents *Envy* muſt aprove;
And didſt thou know her heart, thou'dſt ſay—
" PERDITION catch the IDLE LAY!"
Then ſtrike thy Lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

* Mrs. Coſway.

" Poh!

" Poh! poh!" cry'd Satire, with a ſmile,
" Where is the glorious freedom of our Iſle,
" If not permitted to call names?"
Methought the argument had weight—
" Satire," quoth I, " you're very right"—
So once more forth volcanic Peter flames!

ODE II.

The Poet correcteth the Muſe's warmth, who beginneth with little leſs than calling names—Hinteth at ſome academic Giants—And concludeth with a pair of apt and elegant Similies.

" TAGRAGS and Bobtails of the ſacred Bruſh!"—
For Heaven's ſake, Muſe, be prudent:---Huſh! huſh! huſh!
The Ode with too much violence begins:
The [illegible] A.'s, ſo jealous of their fame,
W[illegible] *them,* we make a game,
[illegible] Lord have mercy on our ſkins!

Think

Think what a formidable Phalanx, Muſe,
Strengthen'd by Meſſieurs Garvay and Rigaud,
and Co.
How *dangerous* ſuch a body to abuſe!

Then there's among the Academic crew,
A MAN*, that made the preſident look blue;
Brandiſh'd his weapon--- with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flouriſhing diſcourſes;
And ſwore his own ſweet Iriſh howl could pour
A half a dozen ſuch, in half an hour.

Be prudent, Muſe!---once more I pray---
In vain I preach! th' advice is thrown away:
Ev'n now you turn your noſe up with a ſneer,
And cry---" Lord! *Reynolds hath no cauſe to fear:*
When Barry dares the Preſident to fly on,
'Tis like a Mouſe, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring moſt dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan Lion.

Or like a Louſe, of mettle full,
Nurs'd in ſome Giant's ſkull---
Becauſe Goliath ſcratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the GIANT'S HEAD!

* Mr. Barry.

ODE III.

The Poet addresseth Sir William Chambers, *a Gentleman of consequence in the Election of* R. A.'s---*He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous distribution of the Academic Honours---Threateneth him with Rhime---Adviseth a reformation.*

ONE minute, gentle Irony, retire——
 Behold! I'm graver than a *mustard pot*;
The Muse with bile hot as fire,
 Could call *fool*, *puppy*, *blockhead*, and what not?
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur*:——
Nor in her angry progress will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan hath been long at work
 To bring th' Academy into disgrace;
Oh! may that Member's b—ck—de feel his fork,
 Who dares to violate the sacred place!
  Who dares the devil join
  In so nefarious a design?
 Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!
 I leave their WORKS to tell their name.

Th'

Th' Academy is like a microſcope——
    For by the magnifying power, are ſeen
Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope;
    No more, alas! than if they neer had *been*.

        So rare a building, and ſo grac'd
        With monuments of ancient taſte,
Statues and Buſts, Relievos and Intaglios;
    For *ſuch poor things* to watch the treaſure,
    Is laughable beyond all meaſure,—
'Tis juſt like Eunuchs put to guard Seraglios.

    Think not, Sir William, I'm in jeſt—
    By Heaven! I will not let thee reſt:
Yet thou may'ſt bluſter like bull beef ſo big;
    And of thy own importance full,
    Exclaim—"Great *cry*, and little *wool!*"
As Satan holla'd, when he ſhav'd the Pig.

Yes, thou ſhalt feel my tomahawk of ſatire,
And find that *ſcalping* is a ſerious matter:
Shock'd at th' abuſe, how rage inflames my veins!
    Who can help *ſwearing*, when ſuch wights he ſees
Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
    Like mites and ſkippers in a Cheſhire cheeſe?

What

What beings will the next year's choice diſcloſe,
The Academic liſt to grace?
Some *ſkeletons of art*, I do ſuppoſe,
That ought to bluſh to ſhow their face.

Sir William! tremble at the Muſe's tongue;
Parnaſſus boaſts a formidable throng!
All people recollect poor Marſyas' fate,
Save ſuch as are dead, drunk, or faſt aſleep:
Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,
And flay'd him as a butcher flays a ſheep:
And why?—Lord! not as hiſtory rehearſes,
Becauſe he ſcorn'd his *piping*,---but his *verſes:*
In vain, like a poor pilloried punk, he bawl'd
And kick'd and writh'd, and ſaid his pray'rs, and ſprawl'd;
'Twas all in vain---the God purſu'd his ſport,
And pull'd his *hide* off,---as you'd pull your *ſhirt!*
Then bid not rage the Muſe's ſoul inflame,
Whoſe thundering voice *damnation* makes or *fame.*

You'll aſk me, perhaps, "Good Maſter Peter, pray
"What right have *you* to ſpeak?"---then pertly ſmile:
I'll tell you, Sir---My pocket help'd to pay
For building that expenſive pile,
A pile that credit to the nation gains,
And does *ſome* honour to your worſhip's brains.

It made a tax on candles and ſhoe-leather,
Of monſtrous uſe in dirty weather:
It made a tax on butcher's ſhops,
So ſpread its influence o'er *poetic chops*;
A moſt alarming tax to ev'ry Poet,
Whoſe poor lank greyhound ribs with ſorrow ſhow it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,
And don't chuſe coblers, blackſmiths, tinkers, tanners:
Some people love the converſe of low folks
To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—
Tho' *thou*, 'midſt dulneſs, may'ſt be pleas'd to *ſhine*,—
REYNOLDS ſhall ne'er ſit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

ODE IV.

The Poet again payeth his respects to Sir William Chambers *---Complaineth of his illiberality in his choice of* R. A's---*Adviseth him to keep company with* Prudence, *whom he describeth most* naturally---*He threatneth the Knight*---*And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.*

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still——
She must have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.
Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard
You want not men with heav'nly *genius* blest,
But wish the title of R. A. conferr'd
On such as catch the bugs, and sweep the spiders best,
Wash of the larger statues best, the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES:
Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,——
Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.

You look for men whose heads are rather *tubbish*,
Or, drum-like, better form'd for *sound* than *sense*;—
Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,
You want the *big-bon'd drayhorse* for your *rubbish*.

Raise

Raiſe not the Muſe's anger, I deſire;
High-born, ſhe's hotter than the lightning's fire,
And proud! (believe the Poet's word)
Proud as the lady of a new-made Lord;
Proud, as in all her gorgeous trappings dreſt,
Fat Lady Mayoreſs at a City feaſt;
Whoſe ſpouſe makes wigs, or ſome ſuch glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King!

PRUDENCE, Sir William, is a jewel,—
Is cloaths, and meat, and drink, and fuel!
PRUDENCE! for man the very beſt of *wives*,
Whom BARDS have *ſeldom* met with in their lives;
Which, *certès*, doth account for, in ſome meaſure,
Their grievous want of worldly treaſure,
On which the *greateſt blockheads* make their *brags*;
And ſhoweth why we ſee, inſtead of lace,
About the Poet's back, with little grace,
Thoſe fluttering, *French-like* followers,—call'd RAGS.

PRUDENCE! a ſweet, obliging, curtſying laſs,
Fit through this hypocritic world to *paſs!*
Who kept at firſt a little pedling ſhop,
Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
Waſh'd her own ſmocks, caught her own fleas,
And roſe to fame and fortune by degrees;
Who, when ſhe enter'd other people's houſes,
Till ſpoke to, was as ſilent as a mouſe is;

And

And of opinions, though possess'd a store,
She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *hound!* and hunting FAME;---
Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game:
But, *Nimrod*, mind—my Muse is WHIPPER-IN!
So that if ever you disgrace,
By turning *cur*, your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your *curship*'s skin!

ODE V.

The Poet openeth his account of the Exhibitors at the Academy---Praiseth Reynolds---*Half damneth Mr.* West---*Completely damneth Mr.* Wright *of Derby---mentioneth Mr.* Fuseli---*Complimenteth Mr.* OPIE.

MUSE, sing the wonders of the present year:
Declare what works of sterling worth appear.
REYNOLDS, his heads divine, as usual, gives,
Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives!
Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
Born soon to fade!—too subject to mortality!

West most judiciously my counsel takes,
Paints by the acre—witness Parson Peter *:
For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not *good*,——
Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood;
Nor of the figures, dare I praise th'*expression*,
With *some folks* thought a *trifle of transgression*.

West, your *Last Supper* is a *hungry* piece;---
Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increase:
With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper!
Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,
To give five farthings for them I should grudge,
Nay, ev'n my old tobacco stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints
Have play'd the *devil* with the *Saints*:
For *me!* I fancy them like *doves* and *throstles!*
But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,
Enough to make us pious Christians *start*,
Hast very scurvy notions of *Apostles*.

What of thy † landscape shall I say,
Holding the old white sow, and sucking litter?
Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
Thou gav'st the muse such reason to be bitter!

* Peter preaching, by West.
† A most pitiable performance indeed.—It may be fairly called the *Dotage* of the art.

But,

But, Muſe, be ſoft, and *gently*, *gently* ſigh—
" More damned ſtuff was never ſeen by eye."

Yet mind! thy *Landſcape* equals Derby WRIGHT'S*,
Whoſe canvas gives us very *diſmal* nights:
O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *ſilver* moons,
Now mount like *Sixpences*, and now *Balloons*;
Where curling wild, in different directions,
Nice *vermicelli* repreſents *reflections!*
In ſhort, where ev'ry thing we ſee appear,
Seems to exclaim—" What buſineſs have we here?"

FUSELI reſumes the bruſh to pleaſe the FEW:
He deems the MILLION, ſenſeleſs, arrant crew——
For *ridicule*;—juſt *fit* to make a *feaſt*——
A Caliban—a great unjudging beaſt,
Whoſe crab-like ſoul to no great heights can climb,
And therefore cannot feel the *true* SUBLIME.

OPIE this year (ſo ſay his forms and faces)
Hath deign'd to pick acquaintance with the GRACES.
But where are all his *old* heads flown?
Pray, Maſter OPIE, leave your tricks,
And let our eyes ſometimes on pictures fix
That REMBRANDT had been *proud* to *own*.

* A Painter of Moon-lights.

ODE

ODE VI.

The Poet addresseth Majesty---Pleadeth the cause of poor, starving Poetry---He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the kindnesses of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majesty that his finances may be improved---*He relateth a marvellous story of a Jesuit---Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.*

AN'T please your Majesty, I'm everjoy'd
To find your family so fond of Painting;
I wish her sister POETRY employ'd——
Poor, dear, neglected girl! with hunger fainting.
Your Royal Grandsire, (trust me, I'm no fibber)
Was vastly fond of COLLEY CIBBER.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt!
And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weser,
He'd cry—"Mine Poet sal mak Ode upon't!"
Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR,

Dread

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit
Some glorious action of your life;
And then your humble Poet's wit,
Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,
Shall mount you on her glorious Balloon Odes,
Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th' immortal GODS *.

A Naple's Jesuit, HISTORY declares,
On slips of paper scribbled prayers,
Which show'd of wisdom great profundity;
Then sold them to the country folks,
To give their turkies, hens and ducks,
To bring increase of fowl-fecundity:

It answer'd---On their turkies, ducks and hens,
The country people all were full of brags——
Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags.

I wish this *sage* experiment were try'd
Upon the Muse, my gentle bride;
And slips of paper giv'n her, with this *pray'r*——
" Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight."
Her sweet prolific pow'rs 'twould so *delight*,
She'd breed like a *tame rabbit* or a *hare!*

* Divisum Imperium, cum Jove, Cæsar habet.

ODE

ODE VII.

Peter's account of wonderful Reliques in France, with the devotion paid to them---The ſenſible application to Painters and Painting, by way of Simile.

IN France ſome years ago---ſome twenty three,
At a fam'd Church, where hundreds daily joſtle,
I wiſely paid a Prieſt ſix ſous to ſee
The *thumb* of Thomas the Apoſtle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
The rabble rais'd its eyes—like ducks in thunder;
Becauſe in virtues it was vaſtly rich,
Had cur'd poſſeſs'd of devils, and the itch;
Work'd various wonders on a ſcabby pate——
Made little ſucking children ſtraight,
Though crook'd like rams horns by the rickets;
Made people ſee, though blind as moles,—
And made your ſad, hyſteric ſouls,
As gay as graſhoppers and crickets;
Brought noſes back again to faces,
Long ſtol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;
And eyes to fill their parent ſockets,
Of which ſad love had pick'd their pockets:
And had the Prieſt *permitted*, with their kiſſes,
The mob had ſmack'd the holy thumb to pieces.

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apoſtle's thumb,——
But mum!——
It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,
Although a *painted* piece of *ſtick!*

For ſix ſous more, behold! to view, was bolted
A *feather* of the Angel Gabriel's wing!
Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
No holy legends tell, nor Poets ſing.
But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly Muſes?
It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a *Gooſe's!*
But ſtay! from truth we would not wiſh to wander,
For, poſſibly, the owner was a *Gander*.

Painters! you take me right:—The muſe ſuppoſes
You make your *coup-de-maître* daſhes,
Chriſten them eyes, and cheeks, and lips and noſes,
Beards, chins, and whiſkers, and eyelaſhes;
As like, p'rhaps, as a *horſe* is like a *plumb*,
Or foreſaid ſtick, St. Tom th' Apoſtle's thumb.

With purer eyes the Britiſh vulgar ſees;
We are no *Crawthumpers*, no *Devotees*;
So that whene'er your figures are *mere wood*,
Our eyes will never think 'em *fleſh* and *blood*.

ODE

ODE VIII.

The generous Peter *rescueth the immortal* Raphael *from the obloquy of* Michael Angelo—*The Poet moralizeth---Telleth a story not to the credit of* Michael Angelo, *and nobly defendeth* Raphael's *name against his invidious attack---Concludeth with a most sage observation.*

HOW difficult in Artists to allow
  To brother brushmen ev'n a grain of merit!
Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
  They shew a sniv'ling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis! however moralists may chatter—
What's worse still---nature will be always nature.
We can't brew Burgundy from sour small beer,
Nor make a silken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *Praise!*---from eve to morn,
  From blushing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muse the brows of Merit could adorn,
  And, lark-like, swell the Panegyric strain.

PRAISE,

PRAISE, like the balm which evening's dewy ſtar
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower
Lifts modeſt, pining Merit from deſpair;
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P—x take me if ever I read the ſtory
Of *Michael Angelo* without much ſwearing:
'Tis ſuch a ſlice cut off from *Michael*'s glory,
He ſurely had been brandying it, or beering:
That is, in plainer Engliſh, he was drunk,
And candour from the man with horror ſhrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman ſchool,
Yet Angelo vouchſaf'd to call him *fool*;
When working in the Vatican, would ſtare,
Throw down his bruſh, and ſtamp and ſwear,
If e'er a porter let him in---he'd *ſtone* him,
And if he Raphael caught---moſt ſurely *bone* him.
He ſwore the world was a rank aſs
To pay a compliment to Raphael's *ſtuff*;
For that he knew the fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not *paſs*.

Such was the language of this falſe Italian:
One time he chriſtened Raphael a Pygmalion,
Swore that his madams were compos'd of ſtone;
Swore his expreſſions were like owls ſo tame,
His drawings, like the lameſt cripple, lame;
That as for compoſition, he had none.

Young Artifts! thefe affertions I deny;——
'Twas vile ill manners---not to fay a *lie:*
RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit,
And if you ever chance to paint as well,
I *bona fide* do foretel,
You'll *certainly* be men of *merit.*

ODE IX.

The goffiping Peter telleth a ftrange *Story, and* true, *though* ftrange;---*Seemeth to entertain no very elevated opinions of the wifdom of Kings---Hinteth at the narrow efcape of Sir* Jofhua Reynolds---*Mr.* Ramfay's *Riches---A Recommendation of Flattery as a Specific in Fortune-making.*

I'M told, and I believe the ftory,
That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
A GENTLEWOMAN of *prodigious* glory,
Whom *ev'ry fort* of epithet *well fuits;*
Whofe hufband *dear* juft happening to *provoke* her,
Was fhov'd to Heaven upon a *red-hot poker!*
Sent to a *certain* KING, not King of *France*—
Defiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ——
What did the Royal Quiz?
Why, *damn'd genteelly,* fat to Mr. DANCE*!

* The true reafon that induced His Majefty to fit to Mr. DANCE, was *laudable Royal* œconomy. Mr. DANCE charged Fifty Pounds for the Picture—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's price was fomewhat more than a Hundred—a very great difference in the market price of Paint and Canvas, and, let me fay, that juftified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapeft.*

Then

Then ſent it to the Northern Queen—
As ſweet a bit of *wood* as e'er was ſeen!
And *therefore* moſt *unlike* the PRINCELY HEAD—
He might as well have ſent a PIG OF LEAD.

Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd
As done by REYNOLDS, and deſerv'dly damn'd;
For as to Maſter Dance's art,
It ne'er was worth a ſingle - - - -!
Reader, I BLUSH!— *am delicate this time!*
So let *thy* IMPUDENCE ſupply the RHIME.

Thank God! that Kings cannot our taſte controul,
And make each ſubject's poor, ſubmiſſive ſoul
Admire the TASTE that JUDGEMENT oft cries fie on:
Had *things been ſo,* poor Reynolds we had ſeen,
Painting a BARBER's POLE, — an ALE-HOUSE QUEEN,
The CAT and GRIDIRON, or the old RED LION!
At * Plympton, perhaps, for ſome grave Doctor Slop,
Painting the pots and bottles of the ſhop;
Or in the DRAMA, to get meat to munch,
His bruſh divine had pictur'd ſcenes for PUNCH!
Whilſt WEST was whelping 'midſt his paints,
Moſes and Aaron, and *all ſorts* of Saints!

* Sir Joſhua's native ſpot, in Devonſhire.

Adams

Adams and Eves, and Snakes and Apples,
And Dev'ls, for beautifying *certain* CHAPELS;
But Reynolds is no *favourite*, that's the *matter* –
He hath not learnt the noble art—to *flatter* *.

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them *hard things*
To teach us *what* to view with *admiration*;
And like their heads on *halfpence* and *brafs farthings*,
Make their OPINIONS *current* through the nation!

I've heard that RAMSAY † when he died,
Left juft nine rooms well ftuff'd with Queens and Kings;
From *whence* all nations might have been fupplied
That *long'd* for *valuable things*.
Viceroys, Ambaffadors, and Plenipos
Bought them to join their raree fhows
In foreign parts,
And fhow the PROGRESS of the BRITISH ARTS.

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound* or *yard*,
I cannot *tell*, becaufe I never *heard*;
But *this* I *know*, his *fhop* was like a *fair*,
And dealt moft *largely* in the ROYAL WARE.

* This Ode was compofed before Sir Jofhua was dubbed King's Painter. Poffibly the great Artift *dreamt* of my BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, and purfued its advice.

† Late Painter to his Majefty.

See what it is to gain a Monarch's ſmile!—
And haſt thou miſs'd it, Reynolds, all this while?
How ſtupid! prithee, ſeek the COURTIER's SCHOO
And learn to manufacture OIL of FOOL.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door---
Truth is a narrow lane, all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuſe, and rags,
And workhouſes,---ſad refuge for the poor!---
FLATTERY's a MOUNTEBANK ſo ſpruce---gets riches;
TRUTH, a plain SIMON PURE, a QUAKER PREACHER,
A Moral Mender, a diſguſting Teacher,
That never got a ſixpence by her SPEECHES!

ODE X.

The lofty Peter beginneth with an original *Simile---Diſplayeth a* deep *knowledge of Homer and modern Dutcheſſes---Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.*

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the ſame condition
With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the ſeaſon gathers;
Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
That hath the ſenſe to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This

This little diff'rence, however, lies,
Between the *Painter* and the *fowl* I find——
The Artiſt for the poſt, of danger *tries*——
The Fowl is faſt'ned much againſt his *mind*;
Who, as to his dread ſentence, would annul it——
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and inſtead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handſome love to a ſmart pullet.

And yet the Painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats that break his bones.
But *who* from ſcandal is exempt?
Who doth not meet, at times, contempt?

Great JOVE, the God of Gods, in *figures* rich,
Oft call'd his boſom Queen a *ſaucy bitch*;
Achilles * called great Agamemnon *hog*,
An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog*!

Behold our lofty Dutcheſſes pull caps,
And give each other's reputations raps,
As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's ſchool;
And who, pray, knows that GEORGE our gracious King,
(Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing)
May not, by *future times*, be call'd a FOOL!

* Vid. HOMER

O D E XI.

The Bard ſenſibly reproveth the young Artiſts for their propenſity to abuſe---Moſt wittily compareth them to Horſe leeches, Game cocks, and Curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealouſies that ſwell
In ſome ſad Artiſts' ſouls, I do deſpiſe;
Inſtead of nobly *ſtriving* to *excel*,
You *ſtrive* to pick out one the other's eyes.
To be a PAINTER, was Corregio's glory——
His ſpeech ſhould flame in gold—" SONO PITTORE."

But what, if truth were ſpoke, would be *your* ſpeeches?
This---" We're a ſet of fame-ſucking horſe leeches,
" Without a *bluſh*, the *pooreſt* ſcandal ſpeaking,——
" Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
" As if the globe we dwell on were *ſo ſmall*
" There really was not *room enough* for ALL."

Young men!——
I do preſume that *one* of you in *ten*
Hath kept a dog or two, and hath remark'd,
That when you have been comfortably feeding,
The curs, without one atom of court breeding,
With watery jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;
Show'd

Show'd anxiousness about the mutton bone,
And 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own*;
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heav'ns what a snarling, quarrelling and pother!
This, perhaps, had often touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick*;
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,
An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
Amongst Sea Captains and the brave Jack Tars.

Now tell me honestly—pray don't you find
Somewhat in Christians just of the same kind
That you experienc'd in the curs,
Causing your anger and demurs?
As, for example, when your mistress, FAME,
Wishing to celebrate a *worthy name*,
Takes up her trump to give the just applause,
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd and whin'd;
And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking to be sure;
But *you*! O fie, boys! go and sin no *more*.

ODE

ODE XII.

The compaſſionate Peter lamenteth the Death of Mr. HONE, *an* R. A. *Recommendeth him to* Oblivion, *the great Patron of a number of* Geniuſes.

THERE's one R. A. more dead! ſtiff is poor HONE!
His works be with him under the ſame ſtone:
I think the ſacred Art will not bemoan 'em;
But, Muſe!---*De mortuis nil niſi bonum*---
As to his hoſt a *traveller*, with a ſneer,
Said of his DEAD *ſmall-beer*.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train
Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;
And may its *whale-like* ſtomach feel no motion
To caſt thee, like a JONAH, up again.

ODE XIII.

The Poet exhibiteth the Inconſtancy of the World, by a moſt elegant *Compariſon of a Flock of Starlings.*

YOUNG Artiſts, it may ſo fall out
That folks ſhall make a grievous rout:
Follow you—praiſe your painting to the ſkies;
When, perhaps a ribband, (fie upon it!)
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its *glare*, their *wonder-ſpying* eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* ſuppoſe that you inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
That *always you ſhall* be purſu'd,
And like a *wondrous* Beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconſtancy, God knows!——
Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;
Next year the million pitches on a Ruff,
A Balloon Cap,—a Shawl,—a Muff;——
For *you*, no longer cares a ſingle ruſh,
Following *ſome other brother* of the Bruſh.

To raiſe to nobler flights the Muſe's wing,
A *ſimile*'s a very pretty thing;
To whoſe ſweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,
T'illuſtrate with more force the thing I mean;——
And if the *Simile* be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*ſo much the better.*

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one juſt imported from the mint.

You've ſeen a flock of Starlings, to be ſure,
A hundred thouſand in a *meſs* or more;
Who fortunately having found
A lump of horſe litter upon the ground,
Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung,
Then Lord, what *doings!* Heavens, what *admiration!*
What *joy*, what *tranſport* 'midſt the ſpeckled nation!
How buſy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue!*
All talking, gabbling, but none liſt'ning,
Juſt like a group of goſſips at a chriſt'ning;——
Let but a *cowdab* ſhow its graſs-green face,
They're *up*, without ſo much as ſaying grace;
And lo! the buſy flock around it pitches!
Juſt as upon the lump before,
They gabble, wonder, and adore!
And equal *brother* MARTYN's * ſpeeches.
Theſe ſtarlings ſhow the world with great propriety,
Mad as March Hares, or Curlews for VARIETY.

* A *much-admired* Speaker in the Houſe of Commons, who *nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling* MARTYN.

ODE XIV.

The Great Peter *despiseth Frenchmen.*

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
You will not copy, money-like, the French,
Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,
Whether they represent a man or wench.
If Monsieur paints a man of fashion,
Making an *obeisance* well bred,
The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,
His back all crumpled o'er his head:
Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,
And bone breaking's no *trifling thing*, G--d knows!
Amidst his pains the fellow's so *genteel!*
He *feels* with such *decorum* all the blows.
Or if a culprit's going to the *devil*,
Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*,
So *degagé* you see the man advance,
His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,
Madona-lifted eyes and cock'd up nose,
Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.
I've seen a sleeping VENUS, I declare,
With hands and legs stretch'd out with *such* an air!
Her neck and head *so* twisted on one shoulder,
With *such* a *heav'nly* smile, that each beholder

Would

Would ſwear, (diſdaining DANCING's *vulgar* track)
The Dame was walking minuets on her *Back!*
E'en an old woman yielding up her breath
By means of cholic, ſtone, or gravel;
How ſmirkingly ſhe feels the pangs of death!
With what a *grace* her ſoul prepares to *travel!*

A Frenchman's Angel is an OPERA PUNK;——
His Virgin Marys---milleners half drunk;
Our bleſt Redeemer, a rank *petit maitre*,
In every attitude and feature;
The humble Joſeph, ſo *genteelly* made,
And only fit to *compliment* his wife,——
So *delicate!* as if he ſcarcely knew
Oak from deal board—a gimblet from a ſcrew;
And never made a MOUSE TRAP in his life.

Think not I wantonly attack thoſe people:—
In prejudice that I'm as ſtiff 's a ſteeple;
No!---yet, I own I hate the ſhrugging dogs—
I've liv'd amongſt them, eat their frogs,
And vomited them up, thank God, again;
So that I'm able now to ſay,
I carried nought of *theirs* away,
Which otherwiſe had made the puppies *vain*.

ODE XV.

The conceited Peter turneth an arrant Egotiſt---Mentioneth a number of fine Folks---This minute condemneth Will. Whitehead's *Verſes and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the* right ſaddle *on the* right horſe.

NO Giant more rejoiceth in his courſe,
Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horſe;
Not Mrs. Hobart* to preſerve a box,
Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox:
Not Spain's *wiſe* Monarch to bombard Algiers——
Not Pillories, order'd by the Law's ſtern voice,
Can more rejoice
To hold Kitt Atkinſon's two ears;
Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt
By patriotic Grocers to be fed,
Not Mother Windſor † in a fair young Tit,
Nor gaping Deans, to hear a Biſhop's dead:
Not more reform'd John Wilkes to *court* the Crown,
Nor Skinner in his Aldermannic gown,
Nor Common Councilmen on turtle feeding:

* The conteſt between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Saliſbury, with their *Seconds*, about a Box at the Opera, is a SUBJECT for the moſt *ſublime* Epic!

† A Prieſteſs of the Cyprian Goddeſs.

Not more rejoice old envious Maids, so stale,
To hear of weeping Beauty *a sad tale*,
And tell the world a reigning Toast is *breeding*:——
Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode
That catches at a hop the Cynic face;
Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face;
And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave Dons that read my rhymes?
All gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes!
Oh! be their lot to have *wise-talking* wives;
And if in *reading* they delight,
To read, ye Gods! from morn to night,
Will Whitehead's * Birth-day Sonnets all their lives.

Perhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, ~~or a tanner,~~
And mendest kettles in a pretty manner;
Or tannest hides of bulls, and cows, and calves:
But if the saucepan, or the kettle,
Originally be bad metal,
Thoul't say, " It only can be done by *halves*;"
Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks' skins,
" They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's *shins*."

* This Ode was written before a late Laureat resign'd his *earthly* crown for a *heavenly* one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more succesful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*

Then

Then wherefore do I thus abuſe
Will Whitehead's *hard-driv'n* Muſe ?
Who merits rather *Pity*'s tend'reſt ſigh :
For what the devil can he do,
When forc'd to praiſe—*the Lord knows who!*
Verſe *muſt* be dull on ſubjects ſo damn'd *dry*.

ODE XVI.

The claſſic Peter adviſeth Painters to cultivate Taſte--Laſh-eth ſome of the Ignorant---Accuſeth Painters of an affec-tion for vulgarity, whom he horſe-whippeth---Recommen-deth a charming ſubject---Telleth the ſecret of his Love, and giveth a die-away *Sonnet of former days---Perſecu-teth* Tenier's *Devils, but applaudeth the Exccution.*

PAINTERS, improve your education,
That ſurely ſtands in need of reformation.
I've heard that ſome can neither write no read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a *bear*,
Or *monkey* playing his quaint tricks,
Than ſome ſweet damſel, whom all hearts revere,
Whoſe charms the eye of admiration fix---
Would rather ſee a *ſtump* with ſtrength expreſt,
Than all the ſnowy fullneſs of her Breaſt,
Or LIP, that Innocence ſo ſweetly moves,
Or SMILE, the fond Elyſium of the Loves.

This brings thoſe days to mem'ry when my tongue,
To Cynthia's Beauty pour'd my ſoul in ſong;
When on the margin of the murmuring ſtream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace---of Cynthia's ſmiles divine,
And made thoſe ſmiles and peerleſs beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, thoſe diſmal times,
When nought my ſighs avail'd, and nought my rhimes;
When at the ſilent, ſolemn cloſe of day,
    My penſive ſteps would court the darkling grove,
To hear in Philomela's lonely lay,
    The fainting echoes of my luckleſs love;
Till night's increaſing ſhades around me ſtole,
And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my ſoul.

Reader--- Do'ſt chuſe a ſonnet of thoſe days?
Take it---and ſay not I'm a foe to PRAISE.

To CYNTHIA.

O Thou! whoſe love-inſpiring air
    Delights, yet gives a thouſand woes;
My day declines in dark deſpair,
    And night hath loſt her ſweet repoſe;

Yet

Yet who, alas! like me was bleſt,
To *others* e'er thy charms were known;
When Fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,
That Cynthia ſmil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my ſoul! forgive my ſighs:
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
With Fortune's gifts, unknown to *me!*
I only boaſt a ſimple heart,
In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

Build not, alas! your popularity
On that beaſt's back yclep'd *Vulgarity*;
A beaſt that many a booby takes a pride in,—
A beaſt beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How ſhould the man who loves to be *unchaſte*,
To feed on carrion dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an Ortolan's delicious taſte,
Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch?
Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
How ſhould *he* judge of Claret or Tokay?

Teniers's Devils, Witches, Monkeys, Toads,
That make me ſhudder whilſt I pen theſe Odes,
Moſt *truly painted*, to be ſure, you'll find:—
How greater far the excellence, to paint
With heaven-directed eye, the beauteous SAINT,
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind?
Envy not *ſuch* as have in DIRT ſurpaſt ye;—
'Tis *very*, *very eaſy* to be NASTY!

ODE XVII.

The moralizing Bard expoſeth the unfairneſs of mankind in the article of laughing---*Deſcanteth upon* WIT---*Diſclaimeth pretenſion to it---Maketh love to Candour*, *and* modeſtly *concludeth.*

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
Juſt as they love to ſtuff themſelves to *chin*
With other people's meat—good ſaving ſenſe!
Becauſe at other folks' expence;
But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes!
"O damn 'em! this is *ſerious*—cut their throats!"

Wit, ſays an author, that I do not know,
Is like TIME's ſcythe—cuts down both friend and foe—
Ready each object, tyger-like, to *leap on*!
"Lord! what a butcher this ſame wit! thank God!
"(A critic cries) in Maſter Pindar's Ode,
"We ſpy th' effect of no ſuch *dangerous weapon.*"

No, Sir—'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms,
I woo to theſe deſiring arms;
She is my Goddess---to her ſhrine I bend:
NYMPH of the voice, that beats the morning lark,
Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park *,
Be thou my ſoft companion and my friend.

Thy lovely hand my Pegaſus ſhall guide,
And teach thy *modeſt* pupil how to ride:
Thus ſhall I hurt not any *groupe-compoſers*,
From Sarah Benwell's *bruſh*, to Mary Mozer's †.

* Two brothers of the moſt diſtinguiſhed merit on the Oboe.

† The laſt of thoſe Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *ſublime* picture of a plate of Gooseberries—the other in *hopes* of Academic honours, through an *equal* degree of merit.

ODE XVIII.

The judicious Peter *giveth moſt wholeſome Advice to Landſcape Painters.*

WHATE'ER your wiſh, in Landſcape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe [illegible] *oracles* I tell,
There's very little Landſcape in a *Garret.*
Whate'er the flocks of *Fleas* you keep,
'Tis badly copying *them* for *Goats* and *Sheep*;
And if you'll take the Poet's honeſt word,
A Bug muſt make a miſerable Bird.

A *Ruſh light* winking in a bottle's neck,
Ill repreſents the glorious Orb of Morn;
Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,
'Twould be a *repreſentative forlorn.*

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For *trees*, to copy legs of a *joint-ſtool*;
Or ev'n by *them* to repreſent a *ſtump*:
As alſo *broomſticks*,—which though well he rig
Each with an old *fox-colour'd wig*,
Muſt make a very poor *autumnal clump*.

You'll